To Miss Sarah Eubank.

(Quincy. Ills.)

THE

DYING GOLD HUNTER

Composed by

A. C. FARNHAM.

22

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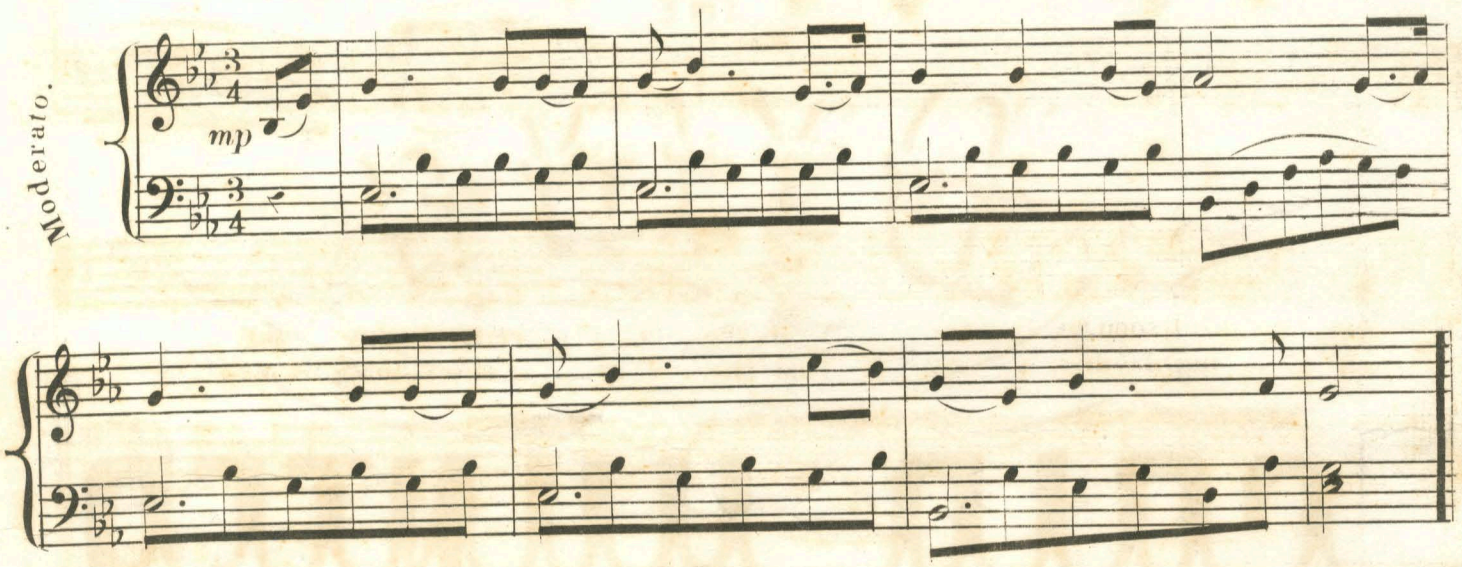
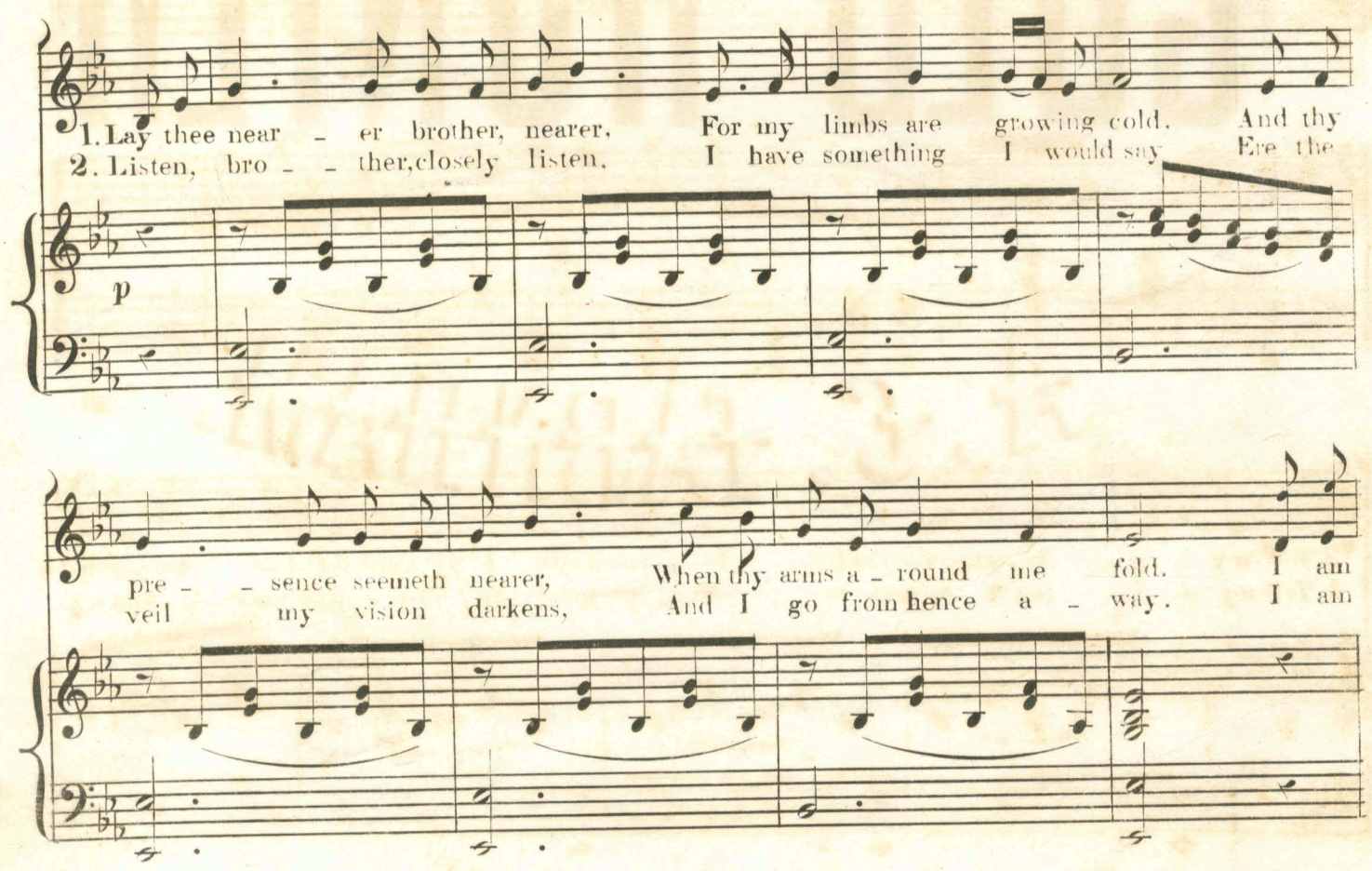
Composed by A.C.Farnham.

This touching Ballad (written by a young lady,) was suggested by the following incident:
Two brothers left their home in the North to seek their fortunes in California. When near the long wished for port, one fell sick, died & was buried beneath the wild waves of the mighty Pacific. ——


1. Lay thee near - er brother, nearer, For my limbs are growing cold. And thy
2. Listen, bro - - ther, closely listen, I have something I would say Ere the
p
pre - - sence seemeth nearer, When thy arms a - round me fold. I am
veil my vision darkens, And I go from hence a - way. I am

Entered according to act of Congress A. D. 1857 by Balmer & Weber in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Mo:

dy - - ing, brother, dying, Soon you'll miss me from your berth, For my
go - - ing, surely go-ing. But my faith in God is strong; I am

rall:

form will soon be ly-ing 'Neath the o - - - cean's briny surf.
wil - - ling, brother, knowing That He do - - - eth nothing wrong.

a tempo.

mp

3. Tell my fa - ther when you see him, That in death I prayed for him, Prayed that
4. Tell my sis - ter, I re-mem-ber Ev'-ry kind - ly, par-ting word, And my

p

I might one day meet him In a world that's free, from sin. Tell my
heart has been kept tender With the thoughts her mem' - ry stirred. Tell her

mo - ther, God will help her Now that she is growing old; That her
I ne'er reached the ha-ven Where I sought the glitt'-ring dust, But I've

rall:

child would glad have kissed her When his lips grew pale and cold.
gained the port of heaven, Where the gold will never rust.

a tempo.

mp

3. Oh! my child - ren, heaven bless them! They were all the world to me: Would I
6. Listen bro - - ther, catch each whisper, 'Tis my wife I speak of now: Tell, oh!

p

could once more car - ess them Ere I sink beneath the sea. 'Twas for
tell her how I missed her, When the fe - ver burned my brow. I must

them I crossed the ocean, What my hopes were, I'll not tell; They have
go, my Savior's calling, 'Tis His voice I know so well; When I'm

rall:

gained an orphan's portion, Yet He do - - - eth all things well.
gone, Oh! dont be weeping, Dearest bro - - ther, fare thee well!

D.S.Sym:

a tempo.